

Subject: Chat with Caleb Pritchard

From: Caleb Pritchard <cpritchard2001@gmail.com>

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Caleb: She blew air out of her diaphragm, real cool.

Caleb: "Watch out, man," she said. "I'll cut you down."

Caleb: "I'll cut you up," I responded, walking by, looking directly at her eyes, face, to her breasts and hips, back to her eyes, continuing on.

Caleb: "Damn," I heard one of the guys say.

Caleb: She blew air out of her diaphragm, only not as cool as before.

me: Damn

Caleb: There's just no proper come-back.

me: yeah

Caleb: 'Cause if you tell him to just shutup...

me: diaphragm

Caleb: He'll be all, "You just shut down."

Caleb: And I'll be all, "Damn."

me: The Marcus was tripping

Caleb: So I've spent most of my day at the office reading through this.

Caleb: Only about a quarter into it.

me: His parents were made of fear

me: fear of the world

me: I don't want to be like that

Caleb: In our 20s, it was, "Yeah! Let's drink ourselves to death!"

Now, in our early 30s, it was, "So. Let's drink ourselves to death."To life. And to death. I suppose.

me: gaaaaa

me: galk;fssg'ga

me: 'raspagJG'a

Caleb: I suppose.

Caleb: "Nice wife beater, sir," said Jack.

Caleb: "It's what I wear when I don't want to wear anything," I answered. A prepared line, as ever the writer that I am.

me: serious?

me:

me: Look to the voids in your life to find out who you really are.

And if you are a void?

I have nothing.

Give me your context.

Caleb: "I'm from Brooklyn. I've seen some shit."

me: New Yorkers – we are stronger than the CIA.

me: I'd been in a strange funk lately, and praying for death to run faster than evil, from the old Greek thought:

Death tries to run faster than evil, but doesn't always win.

My inner Hitler twisting me in strange ways.

So many inner dimensions. Schizoid if they cross and start in on me all at once.

me: I walked all the way back to Long Island City, so incredibly fucked up I can't believe I lived. The "God Bless Deli" on Manhattan Avenue in Greenpoint will forever be remembered as the place Mike and I stopped for water. Jesus were we thirsty. Those Arabs didn't pay attention to us at first, but there was something there, something beating between us. Some formal animal presence.

me: I worked on it.

It worked on me.

Mostly. Pretty much.

Caleb: "I mean, sex at that point becomes like an act of terrorism. Better to have some sort of maintenance sex, like brushing your teeth or something."

We kept talking, admiring the depth of our conversation.

me: haahahahahha

me: wow

me: Am I even a human anymore?

I see humans and can't imagine I'm one of them.

I could be anything. But I can't be human. I can't be. I must be something else. I feel like an alien. Acid for blood, math for a soul. A human-sized insect.

me: DJ Lucky from Atlanta rolled in 10 deep, his posse big, tough looking guys from Georgia. DJ Lucky was all smiles with a bit of a walleye.

me: "Junk," I said. "I quit."

"But do you ever really quit heroin?" he waxed philosophically, looking up from his airport pulp, pinned grey eyes and a clichéd line he'd made up all on his own.

Caleb: We had discussed who had condoms, and I urged her to stop at the last convenience store on our way here. She hadn't. I had had a whiny session, like a little kid. She had stopped.
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the car and asked if I wanted to be driven back downtown.

Caleb: But don't worry: He ended up fucking her.

me: "You're so cold Mira. You're like a fucking robot you're so cold."

me: don't ever bring this document up to me again

Caleb: Hey, remember your buddy Peter Weisman?

Caleb: That guy who always came as your guest to our house.

me: Back then, I was trying to deal with my own failures

me: I had sex with lots of women

me: You gave me something, I'd do it

me: Drugs. Alcohol. Drug alcohol.

me: I remember this one time

me: I tripped acid

me: Next day?

me: Started drinking in the morning

me: Okay I'm done

Caleb: Pretty good.

Caleb: But you'll never be a Pete Weisman.

me: meanwhile

me: see your inbox

Caleb: Why do you want me to see this?

me: buildup

Caleb: I'm mainly just impressed that there exist some aunts and uncles out there who are capable of writing coherent, thoughtful e-mails.